shadow on it, is a flowery garden where the vines twine round the pyre of the last Kashmiri Sati, for the Kashmiri women have never failed in devotion in life or death, and both Martand and the Panthan temples have side chapels added by the queens of their kingly builders.

In the City of the Sun are all things new and strange.

The light Shikara floats past the Mahara-jah's palace, where behind the richly carved, hermetically sealed shutters the Dogra Princess reigns as queen of a harem which includes many subordinate beauties she herself brought to her lord as part of her dower. *Autre pays autres mceurs !*

Poor little Maharajah, the little mouse cling-ing to a pretence of sovereignty between the paws of the Lion and the Bear, who have agreed to let him play there awhile until they have fought out who shall eat him up. And he gives a State banquet on the Lion's birth-day, provides lavishly his chefs triumphs, and pours out his best champagne like water, and his lacs of rupees on fireworks which

transform
the Jhelum into the Adriatic *enffce*. Yet not
without a sense of humour, as when an ultra

aggressive